

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor

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### Cincinnati's Nickname.

The nickname of Porkopolis is of English origin and was the brilliant inspiration of a sponsor who never saw Cincinnati. In the year 1825 there flourished in the Queen City a gentleman named Jones. He was the president of the United States Branch Bank and was locally known as "Bank Jones." The pork trade had already taken such proportions as to rouse the financial enthusiasm of Bank Jones, and in a succession of letters he dilated upon the pork prospects of the Queen City. The letters were addressed to the Liverpool correspondent of the Cincinnati bank, and this gentleman's imagination at length became fired by Bank Jones' enthusiasm. In a moment of wild generosity he bled him to the studio of some Liverpoolian Thorywaldsen and ordered the construction of what is set down in the annals as "a unique pair of model hogs." These noble effigies were made of papier-mache and were sent out to Cincinnati as a present, accompanied by the inscription--"destined in part at least to become famous--" "To Mr. George W. Jones, as the worthy representative of *Porkopolis*." The hogs have still a local habitation and a name. They add to the burden of life in the office of one of the largest "slaughterers" of Cincinnati, having passed by inheritance from Bank Jones down, from hand to hand, among the pork monarchs of Porkopolis, for nigh upon half a century. [Olive Logan, in Harper's Magazine.]

This is the way Dr. Woods, of the Bowling Green Gazette, kept intact that heavy hirsute top knot of his: One of the most effectual preventives against hair shedding, so common to some heads, as well as the very best remedy against excessive and rapid dandruff accumulation, is a once-or-twice-a-week washing of the scalp with pure castile soap and rain or cistern water the temperature of summer rain. Wash early in the morning when first rising, then dry the head by brisk, vigorous friction, and you will not only escape any danger of catching cold, but you will have a soft, clean head of hair and a scalp as clean as a lovely woman's neck after a Sunday morning's bath.

Hester Stuart writes of the old maid: "Her days are days of pleasantness and her nights are nights of peace. She goes to bed when she pleases and does not leave one ear uncovered to listen for the uncertain steps and wavering night-key of a late coming husband. Neither does she turn restlessly on her pillow beside a sober, snoring spouse, and wonder, and wonder where the children's school books or the family flannels are to come from; but she drops into peaceful slumber to dream of her old love and wakes to wonder whether married life with him could ever have become the sordid, meager affair which it is to so many husbands and wives."

On the occasion of a great feast given by Alexander II, in Russia some years ago, tables were provided, each capable of seating 30,000 people or so; fountains were running with Crimean wine; immense tanks were filled with kysas; and sheep and oxen were roasted whole before huge bonfires. The sight of the food was too much for the howling appetites of the assembled crowd and long before the feast was ready a general scramble took place. The viands were trampled in the dust, many persons narrowly escaped being drowned in the vats of beer, and the czar's gifts were literally thrown to the winds.

The Spurgeon-sermons-by cable enterprise has petered out. They didn't pay. It is much cheaper to have Beecher's and Talmage's cut and dried orations mailed two or three days before they are delivered, and then published in the great morning dailies as special dispatches. It fools the unsophisticated, just as the patent outside does the country greenhorn, who brags on his home paper's enterprise "in getting in" so much news, and poetry and such truck. [Yeoman.]

And here is a Sunday-school boy, who, when asked to stand up and say his verse, did it thus: "Be not overcome of evil, but come it over evil with good."

### Visiting Our Country Cousins.

The season is with us when the city man, with his wife, his children and the servants, squares accounts with his cousins in the country. The latter individual has ten months of the year to call his own, but it shall not be the fault of his city relatives if he has any part and parcel of the other two. This is the metropolitan citizen's season, and he is given to improving it. The dewberries redden the hill-side; the raspberries, pink and delicate, hang full-fruited on the vine that clambers up the garden wall; the harvest apple grows golden with the amorous kisses of the warm June sun; the spring chicken has attained a fullness of days that ripen it for the broiler. Not unless his right hand has forgotten its cunning, or he has gone long on lard, will the city man permit these summer glories to perish from the earth and not be there to see and expedite their going.

All the world is going away, and why should he be immured within heated walls and walk on brazen streets when just beyond the blue line of hills that gird the city about, are peace and rest and purring brooks and spring lambs and the tender chicken, vegetables fresh with the odor of the earth about them, and all this for a pittance a week with careful attention thrown in for good measure?

There, on the carpet of bluegrass, under the spreading tree, he will loaf and enjoy his soul during the heated term, far from the city's dust and turmoil, its bill collectors and book agents, its amateur performances and all the other ills that make up the woes unutterable of a hot term in a city. He will forget these as he idles away the long days under the trees, and if he is young and susceptible, will make love to brown-faced, bright-eyed country lasses--God bless them every one--and make their dear little hearts very sad when the shorter days have come, and his face turns back toward the turmoil and worry and work awaiting the coming back of the errant ones who have strayed along the country side.

These be the days when life is worth the living in a rare old country house. Lazily pass the days, and the nights, rarer than the poet's day in June, give back the fullest recompense when the drowsy god is wooed. While one could wish the evening concert of the querulous frog, just over the way by the banks of the pond, were more musical, yet his bass notes are unaccompanied by the fine tenor of the city mosquito, and this is something for which to give thanks. Though bats fly in at the open window, they are less harmful than the enterprising burglar who, equally uninvited, comes in at his city home to make free with his spoons and walk away with his purse and watch. Let it rain never so hard on the day set for the excursion with his pretty cousin, yet will no suspicion of water turn his mind away from the principles of prohibition and the fine theories of the temperance folk, when the cream-slaked milk is poured out at the table set on the lawn for the evening meal.

If, perchance, the staid old family carriage horse be innocent of better time than a mile in five minutes, he can get that from him without the young man from the livery stable calling the next day with his "four-dollars-an-hour" bill, as is the case when one has taken the drive down Chestnut street at home.

Though the mail arrives but once a week, he need not despair of the Republic, for has he not left the affairs of the nation in the hands of the gentlemen of the press, and are they not therefore safe?

Know, gentle reader, that none of these things herein set forth are for the man of the newspaper. For him there is no summer loitering. He remains at home and discovers Presidential candidates, writes about the tariff, and invents cheerful romances in order that your enjoyment may be perfect when the morning paper strays your way.

The newspaper man takes but one excursion to the country, and from that he never returns. When he has worn out his days his comrades carry what is left of him out to the cemetery and lay him down to rest. Then they go back to their work and speak kindly of the lost friend, but they write no obituary resolutions about him. Give them credit for that, and don't forget that now is the time to subscribe. [Courier-Journal.]

J. H. Wade, No. 49 Water st., Louisville, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters entirely cured me of dyspepsia."

### What the Louisville Democrat Would Like to Know.

How high Thos. L. Jones kicked before he fell into the arms of his noble kinsman, Richard A. Jones?

How a man who makes a claim to votes cast in violation of instructions from the Owen democracy in convention assembled, can consistently call the pot black?

How a man who withdraws his nag from a race on the home stretch can claim he ought to have the stake?

If it is unfair to win a nomination after all opponents have been retired from the race?

If a nomination by acclamation nominates? and if so, where the cry of fraud comes in, except at the expense of the man who is badly enough demoralized to raise it?

Whether at the end of a call of counties delegates have not a right to change their votes, if they want to, and whether a presiding officer is not bound to give them a reasonable time and opportunity to do so?

Whether the water on the wheel of the mill will ever come back to grind another grist?

When a printer puts his arms around his sweetheart he is going to press.

A pretty girl in a neat calico dress is the best thing we ever saw in print. Walter Evans is climbing rapidly to fame. Already a negro baby has been named for him in this county.

A country church over in Indiana is all torn up over a charge of profanity brought against a young lady member. It appears that a young chap named Damm asked her to marry him, and her reply, on which the charge is based, was: "I'll be Dammed if I do, sir."

A TYPE-SETTING WONDER. An inventor of Hartford, Conn., has devised a type-setting machine which he claims will do the work of five men. It is about the size of an ordinary piano, with lettered keys, as the operator touches which, the types take their places with unfailing regularity. The work of distributing is done simultaneously with the typesetting and even more rapidly, so that the cases are always full of type. The chief difficulty heretofore has been in the justifying, but this has now been overcome and is done with twice the rapidity of the ordinary mode. [Frank Leslie's Illustrated.]

WORD-PAINTING. A woman's smile is thus described in a Hawaiian romance: "Her rich, red lips parted and there flashed upon the landscape two rows of beautiful white teeth. Slowly her mouth opened, wider and wider. Deeper grew the dimples in her bronze cheeks. Brighter danced the sunbeams in her eyes, until a stray ray, darting through the foliage of an over-hanging bough, illuminated the deep cavern of her mouth, bringing into view the back of her head. Then, seeing us gazing intently at her, she shut her jaw and darkness fell upon the scene."

IF HE HAD THE MEAL. General John C. Lee tells of a captain in his command who seems to have been a sort of regimental Mark Tapley--always saying something cheery when everybody was down in the mouth. One night when the men came into camp wet, weary, miserable and starving--not a cracker left--the captain bustled about cheerfully and got a bright fire going and then rubbing his hands in the jolliest manner over the fire, he said: "Well, boys, if I had some milk I'd have some mush and milk, if I had some meal."

DENTISTRY AND LONGEVITY. The introduction of dentistry has contributed wonderfully to longevity. Dr. Goddard, the popular Dean street dentist, Brooklyn, says that the prevention of decay in the mouth of those who give proper care to the teeth has unquestionably protected them from much sickness. He mentions the case of a boy in whose mouth he found thirty cavities as an illustration of his theory that disease in the teeth may be expected to corrupt the whole system.

A Maine newspaper states that at the little town of Sebec, at the outlet of Sebec Lake, Piscataquis county, in the interior, is a tooth-pick factory which is doing a large business, using over a thousand cords of poplar and birch wood annually, and turning out a two horse load of tooth-picks daily.

The next Congress will stand: House, 192 democrats, 120 republicans, 13 third parties. Senate, 38 republicans, 30 democrats, 2 "readjusters." Senator Edmunds was elected President of the Senate pro tem., and will preside at the next session.

### How to Cure Headaches.

A new remedy for headaches has been found by Dr. Haley, an Australian physician, who says that for some years past he has found minimum doses of iodide of potassium of great service in frontal headache--that is, a heavy, dull headache, situated over the brow, and accompanied by languor, chilliness and a feeling of general discomfort, with distaste for food, which sometimes approaches to nausea--can be completely removed by a 2-grain dose dissolved in a wineglassful of water and this quietly sipped, the whole quantity being taken in about ten minutes. In many cases, he adds, the effect of these small doses has been simply wonderful, as, for instance, a person who a quarter of an hour before was feeling most miserable and refused all food, wishing only for quietness, would now take a good meal and resume his wonted cheerfulness. If this cure of Dr. Haley's is in reality a practical one, he will merit for the discovery the gratitude of suffering millions.

After a cruise of a few months in the South Pacific, a French man-of-war was recently found to have specimens of living corals growing upon her hull. The interesting discovery has thrown some light on the question of the rapidity of growth of corals. The evidence tends to show that the vessel, on passing a reef of the Gambiella islands, against which she rubbed, had picked up a young fungus, which adhered to the sheathing, and grew to a diameter of nine inches and a weight of two and one-half pounds in nine weeks. [Popular Science News.]

A Pittsburgh jury gave a verdict against a railroad company for the amount of money stolen from a passenger in a sleeping car. "Since the defendant," said the judge, "sold a ticket for two dollars in addition to the regular rates of passage, and offered the facilities for sleeping as an inducement to pay the extra money, it bound itself to protect its patrons while they were asleep and for the time being helpless."

Captain Webb, the English swimmer who first swam across the British Channel, is now preparing to swim across the Niagara River below the Falls, so that he will pass by the famous whirlpool. These are strange investments that men make of their lives in the hope that they will receive back their lives and money besides. In this case the sum promised to Captain Webb will be paid to his wife if he is killed.

In Dr. Lawes's experiments potatoes were planted six successive years, some on land receiving no manure, and one piece receiving fourteen tons of barnyard manure per acre yearly. The field unmanured rapidly diminished in yield, as might be expected; but the fact most remarkable is that another field, with a dressing of 650 pounds of alkaline salts, produced a better crop than that which had the stable manure.

At the Chicago Railway Exposition is an engine just built for the Southern Pacific Railroad, which weighs, with coal and water 96 tons, and is designed for heavy service on unusual grades. On a level track it can draw all the freight cars that can be made to hold together by ordinary methods. Steam is required to work its reverse lever, and the locomotive itself is a mountain of strength and mechanical construction.

A man at Whitesburg, Whitley county, was convicted of murder a few days ago, and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. The Governor pardoned him on his arrival at Frankfort, and he returned home and has killed another man, which is the fourth one he has slain. The pardon is considered a great outrage. [Somerset Reporter.]

Jay Gould is going to take a trip around the world, and if he likes it he will buy it. [Peck's Sun.]

If he does Vanderbilt will order another one just like it, and then every Wall street millionaire will be ambitious to own at least an asterisk. [Texas Siftings.]

A minister traveling through the west some years ago, asked an old lady on whom he called, what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity. "Oh," she replied, "I think it is a good doctrine, if the people would only act up to it."

All diseases resulting from self-abuse, or nervous debility, mental anxiety, depression of spirit and functional derangement of nervous system, cured by German Invigorator. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

## DARBY'S PROPHYLACTIC FLUID.

A Household Article for Universal Family Use.

For Scarcit and Typhoid Fever, Diphtheria, Sallow, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases. Persons waiting on the sick should use it freely. Scarcit Fever has never been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it after black vomit had taken place. The worst cases of Diphtheria yield to it.

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## WALL PAPER!

TRIMMED AND READY TO PUT ON,

AT

M'ROBERTS & STAGG'S

Druggists and Booksellers,

Opera House Block, - - - - - Stanford, Ky

Stanford, - - - - - Kentucky,

Groceries, Provisions, &c.,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

H. C. BRIGHT,

St. Asaph Block,

STANFORD, - - - - - KY.,

Desires to call attention to the Large and Comprehensive Stock of

Groceries, Provisions, Confectioneries, Tobacco, Cigars, &c.,

Which he keeps always on hand. Makes a specialty of Handling Goods at Wholesale on Small Profits. Goods delivered within town limits free of charge.

Livery, Sale & Feed

STABLE!

AND HARNESS SHOP.

Nice lot of Horses and Fine Turnouts. Rates reasonable.

100,000 POUNDS WOOL

Is wanted by me. I will pay the highest market price. I also deal in

COAL!

And can supply it in any quantity.

A. T. NUNNELLEY, Stanford, Ky.

A. OWSLEY & SON,

DEALERS IN

Hardware and Groceries, Glass-

ware, Queensware,

Wooden and Willowware, Stoves, Grates

and Tinware,

Full line of Pocket and Table Cutlery, Patent

and Family Flour, Hames, Traces,

Salt, Lime, Cement, Field Seeds, Plows and Farming

Implements. Call and see the genuine Hamilton Plow.

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

HEADQUARTERS

AT

W. H. HIGGINS'

FOR

Shelf Hardware, Iron, Spokes,

Horse Shoe Nails, Buggy Shafts,

Farming Implements,

Such as Oliver Plows, Meikle and Avery Double Shovel, and the Brinkley

Turning and Single and Double Shovel and one-horse Harrow combined.

No farmer should be without it.

Straw Cutters, Improved Hocking

Valley Corn Shellers,

Evans' Corn Drills, Hand Corn

Planters,

And the Best Pump in The Market, the Mayfield

Elevator.

The unrivaled Jewel Range Cook Stoves, Step Stoves, Tin-

ware, Bird Cages, Barbed and Annealed Wire,

Lime, Salt, Cement, Plaster Paris, &c. A general stock of Groceries,

Wooden, China and Glassware.



## DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,  
HON. J. PROCTOR KNOTT,  
OF Marion.

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,  
CAPT. JAMES R. HINDMAN,  
OF Adair.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,  
F. W. HARDIN,  
OF Mercer.

FOR AUDITOR,  
FAYETTE BURNETT,  
OF Harlan.

FOR TREASURER,  
JAMES W. TATE,  
OF Franklin.

FOR REGISTER OF LAND OFFICE,  
JOHN G. CECIL,  
OF Pike.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,  
JOS. DESHA PICKETT,  
OF Fayette.

FOR STATE SENATE, EIGHTEENTH DISTRICT,  
MAJ. F. D. RIGNEY,  
OF Casey.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS,  
JUDGE T. P. HILL, JR.

A DISPATCH from Washington to the effect that Col. Jones will run independently for governor has created further talk in this matter, and the Covington Commonwealth puts a short stop to it by saying "Sometime since this paper upon the authority of Col. Jones himself, said he had no intention of running as an independent candidate. Some Kentucky democratic papers, preferring to rely upon the irresponsible statements of anonymous interviewers, have kept up a sort of guerrilla war on Col. Jones. In this they have been unjust to Col. Jones without in any way aiding Mr. Knott."

COMMISSIONER of Internal Revenue Evans is charged with dismissing from the service tried and true men to make room for his favorites and he is catching thunder from nearly every quarter. It is also said that he intends to keep intact all the revenue districts in this State, notwithstanding several could be easily dispensed with, so that none of his Kentucky friends will suffer. Evans is a very small potato and it is not likely he will be able to rise above his old prejudices and administer the affairs of his office for the good of his country.

The bottom has fallen clean out of the Enquirer-Burnett sensation. The negro Direly, who was to become the scapegoat for Neal and Craft's infamous crimes, proved an indisputable alibi and he was discharged. Burnett who is the hireling of the friends of these fiends, has been shown up in his true character, and if he ever sets foot at either Ashland or Catlettsburg hereafter, a coat of tar and feathers and perhaps a rope cravat will be given him by the generous but indignant citizens.

The killing of Town Marshal Freeman at Versailles by the Brown boys was from all accounts a deliberately planned murder. They had an old feud against him and under the guise of drunkenness carried out their intention of killing him. We do not believe in mob justice, but when an officer of the law is shot down in cold blood while in the discharge of his duty, the quickest and surest punishment ought to be inflicted on the guilty scoundrels.

It is not often that the ugly woman is in demand, but one is wanted in Jessamine county. The Lexington Gazette says: "There is a school-house in the edge of Jessamine that can't keep a teacher. Every young lady who goes there stays but a short time, and then gets married and goes off. If there is a lady qualified to teach, mortally ugly and too old to marry, she can get a permanent situation by applying to the Trustees of that school."

The democrats in Ohio are engaged in making a nominee for governor. The fight is a three-cornered one, Hoadley, Ward and Geddes standing in the order named, as to chances. It is predicted that Hoadley will be nominated. He is decidedly the best and most available man.

In his sermon Sunday, Dr. Talmage made the startling statement that there are 250,000 people in New York and Brooklyn who depend upon charitable contributions, principally, for a living. London with her 4,000,000 population has only 100,000 paupers.

FRANK JAMES is getting all the benefits of the law's delay. His trial called at Gallatin, Mo. Tuesday was postponed till August 7th. Between the Governor and the juries, this bold outlaw and murderer stands a good show of getting free of his crimes.

The country newspaper now speaks of the man who has put a new pair of hinges on his gate and set out a lilac bush in his front yard as "making extensive improvements about his residence."—[Boston Transcript.

DORSEY the Chief of the Star-route thieves, he it always remembered, is Secretary of the republican National Committee and all the other defendants are republicans. They were prosecuted by a republican administration, tried by a republican judge, and acquitted by a republican jury. But the country has seen greater crimes not only condoned but approved by the party which has held continued possession of the Government for twenty-two years.

THE moral to be drawn from the acquittal of the Star-route rogues is that if a man can steal enough from the Government to pay lawyers' fees, suborn newspapers, and pack the jury he can get off without punishment if indicted for dishonesty. But he must be sure to steal at least a million. For smaller offenses his prospects of the penitentiary are good.

It is good news to the boys but bad for the country that the St. Louis School Board has ordered that after Sept. 1, no corporal punishment shall be allowed in the public schools of that city. Many a school boy has been ruined for life by a sparring of the rod, and we expect to see a sweet lot of criminals graduate in the Future Great.

THIS from the Glasgow Times is just what we were about to say: "Nothing with a richer cream of humor than the 'Ordinary Conversations' of the Louisville Commercial is floating among our exchanges. They are always enjoyable and their sometimes startlingly correct pen-portraits make them all the more reliable."

Louisville has one minister to every 200 houses; one physician to every 120, one lawyer to 80 and one whisky or beer saloon to every 30. "The survival of the fittest" will be no easy task there—the unfit are as much more abundant.—[Western Recorder.

THE King of Italy is reported as saying: "I have no ambition save to diminish taxation." Whereupon Watterson exclaims with glee, "another tariff for revenue-only-man heard from."

A successful orchardist says that if he were to live his life over again, he would trim his trees higher and pasture his orchards with sheep in place of plowing or mulching.

Three factories in the United States consume nearly 2,000,000 eggs a year in making the peculiar kind of paper used by photographers known as albumen paper.

## NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—A single cargo of opium at San Francisco was valued at \$675,000.

—The number of deaths by the Sunderland, England, disaster has reached 202.

—Fourteen young men, including one from Turkey, were awarded diplomas as Doctors of Medicine at the Hospital College, Louisville, Wednesday.

—Ten suits, for from \$5,000 to \$20,000 damages, have been brought against the New York and Brooklyn Bridge Company on account of the recent disaster.

—Joe Young, who was hanged at Richmond, Ark. June 1, came to life after the sheriff had turned his body over to his friends as dead and he is still living.

—The chief business of the Chicago speculators just now seem to be wrecking each other. The people will look on impartially, caring little which ship goes under first.

—The jury found John Devoy guilty in the libel suit at New York of August Belmont against the editor of the Irish Nation, and sentenced him to 60 days in the penitentiary.

—O. G. Lynold convinced his brother Ernest that he ought to sell his farm at Menominee, Mich., and go West. Arriving at Milwaukee he made Ernest drunk and taking \$6,000 from his pocket, eloped with his wife.

—The Illinois Legislature passed a compulsory education bill. This is the fourteenth State to recognize that if all the children are to be educated very many of them must be brought into the schools by compulsion.

—Senator Wade Hampton in his oration at the unveiling of the monument to the Confederate dead in Camden, S. C., said the Confederates were neither rebels nor traitors, but one of the contending parties in a great civil war.

—A balloonist, E. L. Stewart by name, made an ascension in an old-fashioned hot-air balloon at Fayette, Mo. At a height of about 2,000 feet the balloon burst and the aeronaut fell into a stream and disappeared. His body was afterward recovered.

—A bold and almost successful attempt to escape from jail was made at Richmond this week. A prisoner named Bullock filed his way out of the cell with a saw made of a corset spring, and seizing a shot-gun which was lying on a bed in the office, made a break for the door. The jailer managed to clinch with him, however, and held him till help arrived.

—A man who had followed begging for a living died in Cincinnati this week and when an examination of his garret was made money was found hidden in every conceivable place, \$249.26 in silver, \$250 in greenbacks, \$370 was found on his person. \$800 in bonds and papers found shows that he owned property in Minnesota, Wisconsin and the city of New Orleans.

—The Soldiers' Home estate, at Washington, covers 502 acres. There are 590 inmates, with 150 out pensioners, who get \$8 a month. The revenue is about \$100,000 a year, derived in part from \$100,000 levied by Gen. Scott on the City of Mexico for having permitted guerrillas to fire on American troops and from a fee of 12¢ etc. a month deducted from the pay of all soldiers in the army.

—The Mississippi is experiencing its third flood this year. At Helena, Ark., the growing crops in the bottom country have been submerged and much damage is threatened.

—Arthur H. Blaney, cashier and head book-keeper for the Massachusetts Loan and Trust Company, at Boston, has confessed to embezzling \$41,000. He spent it speculating.

—A terrific clap of thunder occurred at Frankfort yesterday. It struck a tree near the house of Mr. Ed. Yeiser, rendering his whole family unconscious, and as it is reported, almost denuding a negro of her clothing.

—It is a significant fact that whilst Maine and Missouri were admitted into the Union in the same year, Maine with seven representatives in Congress and Missouri with one, the former now has four members and the latter fourteen.

—The soldiers who have been scouring the mountains of Kentucky in search of Profit and Morrison, the remnant of Barnett's band, returned Wednesday without having found them. The desperadoes evidently thought leg-bail was preferable to penitentiary for life.

—Thirty vessels belonging to a navy that is the wonder of the world are to be sold by Chandler to the junk dealers who shall bid the highest for them. Eighteen of the thirty are steam war ships and two of the thirteen are ironclads and they cost in the aggregate \$20,313,720.

—The New Hampshire Legislature balloted Wednesday for U. S. Senator. Ewd. H. Rollins received 125, the highest vote cast for any of the six candidates, 165 being necessary to a choice. Senator Rollins is discouraged. There is a strong influence favoring ex-Senator Patterson.

—Redell, who pleaded guilty to co-spi-racy with Dorney, Brady and others in the Star-route affair, Wednesday appeared in court at Washington and was discharged from custody, the Court remarking that "One man can not be guilty of a conspiracy. The jury has acquitted the others and that is enough."

—The spring tide of emigration with those going the golden-slipper route and climbing the golden stairs via the Gallowsburg line, is immense. The viler the crime the more beautiful the slippers, the more brilliantly shining the stairs and the more weirdly sweet the melodious echoes that play along the corridors.—[Bowling Green Gazette.

—In the great Binder trial near Lexington, the Osborn was decided to be the best and the Minneapolis the second best of the dozen or so machines represented. The Walter A. Wood agent sold a machine and got a certificate from Mr. Clay, the owner of the grain cut, that the Wood is his choice. Thousands of people witnessed the trials during the day.

—Eight old soldiers of the war of 1812 attended the annual reunion at Paris yesterday. Dr. J. G. Chign, of Lexington, eighty-seven years old, was the youngest, and Dr. C. C. Graham, of Louisville, aged ninety-nine, the oldest. The others were Thomas Jones, Paris, ninety-one; Robert Campbell, Winchester, ninety; Gilead Evans, Nicholas county, eighty-nine; Dr. Perrin, Cynthia, eighty-nine; Moore Johnson, Mt. Sterling, eighty-eight; S. M. Berry, Scott county, eighty-seven.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

## "PRAISE THE LORD"

102 SHACKLEWELL LANE,  
DALSTON, LONDON, E. JUNE 21, '83

Dear Interior:  
Who has not sighed for that unattainable condition on earth, when we could get letters constantly, without the bore of answering them?

May I gently prick the consciences of some of my friends by reminding them that they owe me "ever so many" letters, and that I will compound with them and give a full receipt to date if they will sit down and write one nice, long letter in reply to my many? "While earth remaineth," even love looks for some quid pro quo.

"O, but your letters are printed!" Yes, but not by me. I toiled at the pen for you, honest, painstaking toil, that love turned into pleasure when I thought of the dear eyes that would read the lines. Ah, how many faces rise before me whenever I sit down to write. How often I say to myself: "—will smile to read that?" or "I know what—will think of this?" Well, if this gentle reminder brings any response, all right. If not, still it is all right. I will keep on.

Higgle, where we are preaching and singing, is a very old suburb of London. And it has always been a favorite one, on account of the exceptional beauty of its position, 450 feet above the level of the Thames, with a ground surface almost as romantically broken as that of Norwich—"Rose of New England"—air pure and invigorating; the great stretch of Hamstead Heath just beyond it, now by act of Parliament never to be built over, but remain one of London's breathing places for ever; it is no wonder that Higgle should be a favorite resort of wealthy people as it is. Miss Burdette Courts, now Mrs. Ashmead Bartlett, has a villa there; and retired merchants and tradesmen have elegant places by the score. The Earl of Mansfield has a grand estate on the edge of Higgle, once the property of Lord George Gordon, of the "No Popery" riots, made familiar to many readers of Barnaby Rudge, who never would have dug the dry details out of a dry history. We rode by the house where Lord George lived, as we were taking an airing day before yesterday, and marked the very spot, down a sequestered lane, where the Conspirators used to assemble on his grounds.

Hamstead Heath, as all know, was one of Dick Turpin's favorite stamping grounds and "Dick Turpin's Oak," where he once hid when pursued by a sheriff's posse, still stands, while a public house, called the "Black Bear," marks one of his favorite haunts and keeps alive the memory of the gallant beast he rode. A portrait of the mare adorns the front window. The fact is, though the man was hung for his crimes, he is a great favorite with the people, great and small, and the spots where his feats were performed are carefully marked and preserved. He was, like Robin Hood in earlier times, or Rob Roy, of Scotland, a

favorite of the poor and only held in terror by the rich, upon whom he preyed. All these men would have been Marlboroughs or Wellingtons if the opportunity had come to them; as it was, they were only outlaws. What a wall of paper between a hero and a rogue!

Day before yesterday we took tea with a gentleman who attends our meetings, and but a wall between us and the spot where Coleridge wrote his "Ancient Mariner." His villa was next door to us. A little further down the street stands the house of Ireton—Cromwell's son-in-law—not far from the Whittington Stone, already described in a former letter. This gives England her greatest charm. Every step one takes is over historic ground and one is thrilled at every turn in meeting what has been read about but never realized. Mrs. Steerforth and Rose Dartle lived at Higgle, and George has been trying to identify the old-fashioned red brick in which these unfortunate women hid the one her pride and the other her smothered volcano of passionate love. One of the most interesting things we have seen in London is the original MSS of many of Dickens' famous works. They are in the S. Kensington Museum. There Oliver Twist, The Old Curiosity Shop lie before you as they came from the wondrous pen of genius. It is like a look at the spring where the Mississippi heads. It is England's shame that such men as Dickens and Thackeray passed away without knighthood at least. But they wrote too plainly for that, I fear, and one can scarcely wonder if those who had the power to lift them to the social position, declined to honor the man who had satirized them. It is quite true however that neither knighthood nor baronetcy could lift such men. Only it would have honored the country of their birth to have thus recognized them.

I think our good friend Mr. Wm. Green, in whose carriage we took the airing mentioned above, was rather disgusted when after taking us to the best points and showing us some of the loveliest scenery imaginable, Marie said rapturously: "O, papa, that is as pretty as a Kentucky Blue-Grass landscape, isn't it?" Really, it was no prettier, for that is impossible; but I was on the box with the coachman and affected not to hear the obnoxious comparison by asking him a question. The "whole truth" may not be spoken, for all can not "bear it," and one can hardly expect an Englishman to hear, with composure, his own beloved island put second to any place on earth, not to mention an out-of-the-way spot like our own beloved Kentucky.

We have touched the outskirts, at least, of English elegance and refinement in this Higgle visit. We have been permitted a glimpse and something more into two beautiful homes where wealth and culture combine to render everything attractive. And I must say that of all the places I have yet seen, the home of an English gentleman is the most charming. Nothing affected or "stuck up." The courtesy is so easy and well bred that you feel at home in five minutes. The elegantly furnished rooms, the exquisite lawn, the costly conservatories, where exotics of fruits and flowers are grown under glass, the well-served dinner are all so heartily placed at the disposal of the guests, that one almost forgets the visiting in the "home" feeling of a hearty welcome. The children of an English household are lovely in their affectionate deference to their parents—quite different from the "Young America" with whom I was so familiar. Ephraim preserves the patriarchal features of the household more than Manasseh, which indeed might have been expected. I must try, in comparing the two countries, not odiously, but incidentally, to remember always that the one prides herself on go-ahead-iveness and the other on hold-back-iveness. Conservatism and push will explain nearly all the difference that exists between these chips of the same block. An English gentleman is especially proud of his lawn and his horses. And really both are generally exquisite in beauty. Peaches and plums are grown under glass, as also grapes. We saw half-grown fruits of all three at our friends' houses, and what seemed very funny to us, musk-melons dangling from the frames supporting the vines over our heads, as we walked through the green-houses. Mr. Green has an orthodox Scotch gardener, who did us the honor to come to the meeting. When asked how he liked the sermon, he went over the different points he approved, until he came to my exposition of "repentance," when he said: "Ah, sir, there the mon rambled a bit!" After I had looked over garden and green-house, I told Mr. Green to say to the good Scot that I had not detected a sign of "rambling" in all his excellent work, which tickled him amazingly, though he blushed to the tips of his ears, too.

From the back of Mr. Wm. Piper's villa, beautifully framed by the casing of the bay-window, one looks out upon as pretty a view as the eyes could ask to feast upon. The village of Hamstead in the distance, with the graceful tower of Mr. Bickersteth's church (many know him as the author of the poem, "Yesterday, To-day and Forever") rising in the centre; Lord Mansfield's park to the right and part of Hamstead Heath to the left; altogether a very lovely landscape. Mr. P. is very proud of his grand beeches, of which he has half a dozen or more prodigious old fellows on his place, many centuries old.

Our meeting at Higgle is in the "valley and shadow" of all this gentility and luxury. The dear men who invited me there are really good men, but the whole place is so frigid and stiff with genteel surroundings that a good, rattling meeting seems impossible. Rowland Hill, who preached there a good deal in days of yore, used to say that "if the angel Gabriel were to come down and preach, he couldn't move Higgle." It is a stiff old gospel-hardened place, to be sure, but just because it has remained so long unmoved, I believe there is a prospect of a shaking among the dry bones, which indeed are very dry.

Sunday afternoon, as the dear LORD would have it, my good Bro. Piper hazarded a good deal in turning us loose among his Sunday-school children. He is Superintendent of an orthodox Congregational Sunday-school, belonging to a stiff organization that stands aloof from evangelistic "excitement." However, we got access to

the dear little fellows Sunday afternoon and 200 out of the 250 or 300 confessed the dear Savior. It was amusing to see the almost terrified looks of the old folks, as the "little children" came at Jesus' call.

The meetings however are not held within the sacred precincts of the chapel, but in Old Drill Hall, an abandoned room where the Middlesex Volunteer Rifle Corps used to meet. It is a stuffy little place, holding not more than 150 people, down an alley, with white-washed walls and hard benches and not at all inviting. Like the generality of places used in soul-saving, I am sorry to say, both here and at home. When will Christians take a lesson from the devil and make the resorts for worship inviting and cheerful? The drinking shops are palaces of comfort and luxury. Hence they are thronged. And if men stupidly expect that other men "in the flesh," which likes comfort and is not naturally inclined towards holy things, anyhow, will come to badly-located, badly furnished poorly-lighted and warmed little mission chapels and gospel halls to sit two hours on an uncomfortable seat to hear a gospel that half the time is no gospel or good news at all, I only wonder any are brought into the fold at all. Ah, if it were not for the imperative outcry of an awakened conscience, or the common yearning of a ruined nature for the God in whose image it once was made, there would be none saved. But these outcries and longings over-ride even bodily discomfort; only ten might be where one is now, if only the saints were as "wise in their generation" as the children of earth in theirs.

All things considered, we are getting along well at Higgle. We get up by train and back every night, reaching Shacklewell Lane by 10:30 o'clock. Including children, there have been 231 confessions in the one week of the meeting's continuance. If the brethren have grace and faith to hold on, I believe Higgle will be moved as never before. With dear love to those "we left behind us," and still asking continued and fervent, effectual prayers, Ever in Jesus,  
GEO. O. BARNES.

## Garrard County DEPARTMENT.

ROBT. R. WEST, Editor.  
LANCASTER.

—I expect to leave here very soon and will place all the accounts of Hemphill & Walden in the hands of an officer for collection that are not settled by July 1st.  
Geo. L. Walden.

Paint Lick.

—A large crowd attended the Berea commencement, Wednesday.

—It is reported this morning that there was one death and four new cases of small-pox at Berea.

—Machine men are going to and fro from house to house like a honey bee from flower to flower.

—Mr. J. C. Rucker has leased the half interest in the flouring mill of Mr. Billy Smith, for three years. He has full control of the mill now and will run it to its full capacity. He talks of adding a carding factory and grind wool as well as grain.

—We were a little premature in our report of the anticipated wedding; it turned out to be an elopement. Mr. Hiatt, the father of the young lady came down Monday, and with other relatives tried to persuade her that she had better wait awhile, but she would not hear to them. They saw that she was determined, and then concluded to force her into measures. A guard was stationed around the house and it was thought that escape was impossible, but next morning about daylight she caught the guards napping and skipped out with her beloved to parts unknown.

Excited Thousands  
All over the land are going into ecstasy over Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their unlooked for recovery by the timely use of this great life-saving remedy causes them to go nearly wild in its praise. It is guaranteed to positively cure severe Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs. Trial Bottles free at Penny & McAlister's Drug Store. Large size, \$1.

## LANCASTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

B. F. WALTER,  
SURGEON DENTIST.  
LANCASTER, KY.  
Office over Citizens National Bank. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 5 P. M.

SAM M. BURDETT,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
LANCASTER, KY.  
Will practice in Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

H. C. KAUFFMAN,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
LANCASTER, KY.  
Master Commissioner Garrard Circuit Court. Will practice in all the Courts of Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

## Landreth's Garden Seeds

In Bulk, and the Nicest Line of

## FURNITURE

In Lancaster at the

"ENTERPRISE GROCERY,"  
LANCASTER, KY.

GEO. D. BURDETT & CO.,  
Proprietors.

## Penny &amp; McAlister PHARMACISTS

DEALERS IN—  
Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.  
Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.  
Also  
JEWELERS!  
—THE—  
Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry & Silverware.  
Ever brought to this market. Prices lower than the lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and Warranted.

## A FEW FACTS For Farmers!

If You Want a Reaping or Mowing Machine

Made of the Very Best Material, buy the Champion.

If you want the Most Durable Machine, buy the Champion.

If you want a Machine which has done good service in this county for "22 consecutive years," buy the Champion.

If you want the Strongest and at the same time the Lightest Running and best balanced Machine, buy the Champion.

If you want a Machine that will harvest successfully every variety of crops, under the most unfavorable circumstances, buy the Champion.

If you want a Machine for cutting Barley, Oats, Wheat, Rye or Clover that any two horses can pull, buy the Light Center-Cut Champion Reaper.

If you want a Mower that will do good service in any kind of grass or clover, buy the Champion Mower.

If you want a Machine to trim a hedge, buy the New Champion Mower.

Call on us for good reading matter free, and look at our Machines, whether you wish to buy or not. Respectfully,

BRUCE, WARREN & CO.

—THE—

QUICKEST

—AND—

CHEAPEST WAY

TO CLEAN

WEEDY CORN

—Is to procure—

A Kalamazoo or Albion

Spring Tooth Harrow

and Cultivator.

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## "PATIENCE" PORTER.

I'm a take-in-the-eight young man,  
A do-the-thing-brown young man,  
A terrible masher and regular crusher,  
Dead head at the show young man.

I'm a brown-stone-front young man,  
A narrow-brimmed-hat young man,  
A water-for-cash, but still living on cash,  
Six-dollar-a-week young man.

I'm an only-daughter young girl,  
A spit-milk-and-fritter young girl,  
A languishing, dainty, all-powder-and-painty  
Bit-up-till-eleven young girl.

I'm a would-be-aesthetic young girl,  
A dot-on-the-ear-thing young girl,  
A poet-in-embryo, don't-know-a-thing-you-know,  
All-on-the-surface young girl.

I'm a novel-reading young girl,  
A how-awake-till-three young girl,  
A romantic, half-crazy, but terribly lacy,  
Let-me-do-the-work young girl.

—Bridgelys Eagle.

## HOW THE ALABAMA SUNK.

The Kearsarge came way to seaward until about nine or ten miles from the breakwater, when she veered and headed direct for the Alabama. That stopped the eluff the boys had been passing around about her having wrecked and turned tail, and each one seemed to realize at last that this was to be no child's play. By this time about three miles intervened between the belligerents, which was rapidly being decreased. When within about a mile and a quarter from the Kearsarge the Alabama veered, presenting her starboard broadside, and opened the ball by firing her 110 pounder rifle pivot at an elevation for 2,000 yards range, followed almost simultaneously by a whole broadside. The guns were worked and served with the utmost rapidity, and in a few minutes another broadside was poured in, when the Kearsarge, being by this time at 800 yards distance, presented her starboard battery, and the firing became general. The spirit of carnage had begun to animate the crew, and the desire to be the upper dog in the fight stirred each man to emulation. A few broadsides passed, when the Kearsarge, under full head of steam, forged ahead, steering so as to pass the Alabama's stern and rake her fore and aft, and also get between her and the shore. This maneuver was checked by a port helm, causing both vessels to move in a circle, revolving round a common center, distant from each other about 600 or 700 yards. The fire meantime continued with unabated vigor. The steady directness of the fire from the Kearsarge now began to be felt. The eleven-inch shells poured into the ill-fated Alabama with sickening regularity and precision, dealing death and destruction on every hand. Guns were dismantled and their crews decimated by a single shot. Early in the action a shell struck the blade of the fan, breaking it short off and injuring the rudder. Another landed in the engine-room and tore things all to pieces, damaging the machinery, making a hole in the boiler, and flooding the stoke-hole with boiling water.

On the deck the prospect was no more cheering. Men dropped dead, cut in twain by shot and shell, by the crashing and flying splinters, mingled with the muffled curses of the seamen and the hoarse orders of gunners and officers. At 12:30, Mr. Kell had jib and foretopsails hoisted and attempted to stand in toward shore, distant by this time about five miles. This was prevented by her opponent ranging up and pouring in a raking fire of shot and shell. Word was passed at almost immediately that the vessel was sinking, whereupon a flag of truce was suspended from the quarter and the new officer, Sinclair, sent in a boat to surrender the vessel. During his absence the whole boat, dingy, and three cutters were launched, and preparations made to desert the doomed vessel. Before they could be perfected, however, she settled by the stern, her head rising high out of the water. The mainmast, which had been already badly shattered by the firing, went by the board, and a few seconds sufficed to engulf the shattered hulk of the late scourge of the seas. Struggling in the vortex were many of the crew, and the efforts of Sinclair, who had received permission from Capt. Winslow to return and rescue the survivors, were soon ably seconded by the boats of the Deerhound, two cutters from the Kearsarge and two French pilot-boats, who were near the spot. The whole boat and dingy of the Alabama, well freighted, made quickly for the yacht, which immediately steamed to the northward, bearing safely away from the wrecked vessel.

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## RULES FOR GOVERNING CHILDREN.

After all, I think there can be no harm in mentioning a few general principles laid down by my father. They are such as to commend themselves most to the most practical. And first for a few negative ones:

1. Never give in to disobedience, and never threaten what you are not prepared to carry out.

2. Never lose your temper. I do not say never be angry. Anger is sometimes indispensable, especially where there has been anything mean, dishonest or cruel. But anger is very different from loss of temper.

3. Of all things, never sneer at them; and be careful, even how you rally them.

4. Do not work on their feelings. Feelings are far too delicate things to be used for tools. It is like taking the mainspring out of your watch and notching it for a saw. It may be a wonderful saw, but how fares your watch? Especially avoid doing so in connection with religious things, for so you will surely lead them to all that is finest. Let your feelings, not your efforts on theirs, affect them with a sympathy the more powerful that it is not forced upon them; and in order to do this, avoid being too English in the hiding of your feelings. A man's own family has a right to share his good feelings.

5. Never show that you doubt, except you are able to convict. To doubt an honest child is to do what you can to make a liar of him; and to believe a liar, if he is not altogether shameless, is to shame him.

6. Instill no religious doctrine apart from its duty. If it have no duty as its necessary embodiment, the doctrine may be regarded as doubtful.

7. Do not be hard on mere quarreling, which, like a storm in nature, is often helpful in clearing the moral atmosphere. Stop it by a judgment between the parties. But be severe as to the kind of quarreling and temper shown in it. Especially give no quarter to any unfairness arising from greed or spite. Use your strongest language with regard to that.

Now for a few of my father's positive rules:

1. Always let them come to you, and always hear what they have to say. If they bring a complaint always examine into it and dispense pure justice, and nothing but justice.

2. Cultivate a love of giving fair play. Every one, of course, likes to receive fair play, but no one ought to imagine, therefore, that he loves fair play.

3. Teach from the very first, from the infancy capable of sucking a sugar plum, to share with neighbors. Never refuse the offering a child brings you, except you have a good reason, and give it. And never pretend to partake, that involves hideous possibilities in its eff.

4. The necessity of giving a reason for refusing a kindness has no relation to the necessity of giving a reason with every command. There is no such necessity.

5. Allow a great deal of noise—as much as is fairly endurable; but the moment they seem getting beyond their own control stop the noise at once. Also put a stop at once to all fretting and grumbling.

6. Favor the development of each in the direction of his own bent. Help him to develop himself, but do not push development. To do so is most dangerous.

7. Mind the moral nature, and it will take care of the intellectual. In other words, the best thing for the intellect is the cultivation of the conscience, not in casuistry but in conduct. It may take longer to arrive, but the end will be the highest possible health, vigor and ratio of progress.

8. Discourage emulation, and insist on duty—not often, but strongly.—*The Vicar's Daughter.*

During the whole time of his residence in Lancaster Mr. Stevens was an uncompromising "teetotaler." This is the history of his resolution to abstain: While he was in Gettysburg he was a member of a select circle who were accustomed to meet around at each other's houses and spend the evening in playing whist and drinking wine and choice liquors. One evening one of the party, a great favorite, who was cashier of the bank in Gettysburg, becoming a little inebriated, was escorted home by two of his friends, who, finding his latch-key, let him in and left him in the entry, supposing that he could find his way upstairs. In the morning when his wife came down she found him lying upon the entry floor dead. He had had an attack of apoplexy during the night. When Mr. Stevens heard of it he went into his cellar with a hatchet, broke open the heads of his wine and whisky barrels, and would never taste anything of the sort afterward.

## THE LATEST YANKEE NOTION.

It took a Boston man to devise a new method of collecting a bad account. He met a former customer against whom he had a small outstanding account, and, after a brief conversation, presented the question. The man pleaded utter impotency. Boston soon began to tell a story of such magnitude that the listener, or bluntly asserted disbelief of it. "I'll bet you \$5 that it is so," replied Boston. "I'll take that," said the man, as he speedily produced the requisite greenback. "Now that you have got that bill out, would it not be convenient for you to pay me?" claimed in the imperious Bostonian. The fellow acknowledged that it would, and the matter was adjusted.

The only difference between the legends of the Indians and the lies of the white men is their age.

Be honest and pay your subscription.

Be honest and pay your subscription.

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## A YANKEE IN A RAILROAD RESTAURANT.

An English traveler in this country relates this incident, which he witnessed at one of our railroad restaurants: At some of the American railway stations it is customary to have a fixed charge for a good, substantial meal. On one occasion I was much amused by the maneuvers of a green Yankee who was unacquainted with the rules, and evidently aimed at sustaining nature as economically as possible. After a careful scrutiny of the viands, and sundry hesitating movements, he at length decided to treat himself to a bun and a glass of water; and, as he munched and drank, I could detect a self-sufficient expression in his glance at the gourmandizers, which seemed to imply, "Yes, it's all very pleasant now, but wait till the reckoning comes." The twenty minutes allowed for dinner had almost elapsed when our abstemious philosopher marched boldly up to a beautiful young woman who presided at the counter, and held forth 2 cents, saying, in a bantering tone:

"I've had a bun, and a glass of water, but I calculate you don't charge for that."

"Fifty cents, if you please, sir," was the young lady's calm reply.

"Fifty cents for a bun and a glass of water! Do you see any green in this child's eyes?"

"Fifty cents for dinner, sir. We have one stated price, as you can see by the principal notices, and eat whatever you like."

The Americans have a keen enjoyment of a practical joke; and the spectacle of a cute Yankee, who so cleverly overcame himself, tickled the bystanders exceedingly as they crowded round to gaze on the individual who had been so "severely sold." But "this child" was not so easily discomfited. He glanced at the clock. Perhaps there was still time to retrieve his false position.

"Fifty cents, and eat whatever you like—eh?"

"That's so."

Paying his 50 cents, without another word, the Yankee sprang upon the catables like a famished wolf. With one hand he secured a plate of ham, with the other a dish of custards. While his greedy eyes roved over distant dainties, he darted at every dish within his reach, heaping his plate with the most heterogeneous comestibles, and swallowing indiscriminately the contents of savory and fruit pies, preserves, pickles, vegetables, etc. Judging from his voracity, his object seemed to be, not to eat 50 cents' worth, but to empty every dish on the table. Luckily, perhaps, for him, at this critical moment the signal for starting was given, and the Yankee, casting a glance of despair at the table, started up with red face and protruding eyes, and, with a "hunk" of bread and cheese in his hand, made his way to the train, where he subsided, after the fashion of a gorged bon-constructor.

## BUILT TO SELL.

The married daughter of a contractor comes to visit her father, and, on going out with him for a walk to the latest scene of his labors, bursts out ecstatically: "O, pa, what lovely houses those are that you have been building—those cottages along the bank of the river. I have an awful good mind to take one and bring the children here and spend the summer near you." The contractor (deeply affected): "No, no, my child! Never! Not that I would not fair have you near me every day and hour, but, darling, those houses were not built to live in—they were built to sell!"

## POISON IN EVERY-DAY FOOD.

Committees of experts tell of adulteration in food that is simply appalling. Were the ingredients which are mixed with food innocuous it would still be a very great hardship; but when it is known that the most violent poisons are employed it is a marvel that the whole country does not rise up and put a stop to such practices and punish all dealers who sell poisonous articles of food. If confirmation of these startling statements were needed, one has only to read the facts recently brought to light in Chicago, where it is impossible to find pure sugar and where not 10 per cent. of the milk is good. In that city the bread without exception is poisonous; the teas were never imported, but are made of leaves "faced" with Prussian blue and chromate of lead. Seventy-five per cent. of the cream of tartar is white earth, and the coffee is coated with lamp-black. But Chicago is no worse than other cities. Baking powders are largely composed of alum. Pickling fluid is diluted with sulphuric acid, and vermicelli is given a peculiar flavor.

The manufacture of a great deal of our confectionery should be punished as a crime, for much of the candy sold to children is simply a lump of white earth, made attractive to the eye with arsenical paint, and sweetened with glucose. Costly spices are counterfeited in a terribly grotesque manner, the flavoring being given by the roughest poisons. In these and other adulterations arsenic plays the largest part. We import annually 2,000,000 pounds of this deadly poison—1 cent's worth of which would kill 2,800 people—and the bulk of this import is used in the preparation of food and clothing.—*Exchange.*

## THE TOBACCO MONOPOLY OF FRANCE.

The tobacco monopoly of France last year yielded a net profit to the State of about \$60,000,000.

Miss KINLIN, of San Francisco, married a man named Wood. The marriage notice was headed "Kinlin-Wood."

Catarrh is the seed of consumption, and unless taken in time is a very dangerous disease. Hall's Catarrh Cure never fails to cure. Price 75c. Sold by Penny & McAlister.

## PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Deming's New Discovery for Piles is a radical change from the old remedies heretofore in use. The Discovery is the result of years of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To convince you of its great merit, call on Penny & McAlister, Stanford, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample box free of charge.

A word to the wise is sufficient. Never neglect a cough when a fifty-cent bottle of Brown's Expectant will cure you. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

T. W. Eagle, of Minneapolis, O., informs us that Brown's Expectant cured him of a very bad cough after every other medicine had failed. To be had of Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

## SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT MARRIAGE.

That May, with us, is not a month for marrying may easily be seen any year from the list of weddings in the *Times* newspaper, the popular belief being summed up in the familiar proverb, "Marry in May and you'll rue the day." Some of the numerous reasons assigned for the ill-luck attaching to this month are the following: That women disobeying the rule would be childless; or, if they had children, that the first-born would be an idiot, or have some physical deformity; or that the married couple would not live happily together in their new life, but soon become weary of each other's society—superstitions which still retain their hold throughout the country. In spite, however, of this absurd prejudice, it seems that in days gone by, May was honored in feudal England, as the month of all months especially congenial to lovers. Most readers are no doubt acquainted with the following stanza in the "Court of Love":

I had not spoke so soon the words, but she  
My sovereignty, did thank me heartily,  
And said, "Abide, ye shall dwell still with me,  
Till season come for May, for then truly  
The King of Love and all his company  
Shall hold his fete full rally and well,  
And there I bode till that the season fell."

On the other hand, June is a highly popular month for marrying, one reason perhaps being that the earth is then clothed in her summer beauty, and that this is a season of plenty. At any rate, this notion may be traced up to the time of the Romans, and thus, when Ovid was anxious about the marriage of his daughter, he—

Resolved to match the girl, and tried to find  
What days unpropitious were, what moons were  
unlucky;

After June's sacred rites his fancy strayed,  
Good to the man and happy to the maid.

Among the other seasons admitting or prohibiting matrimony may be mentioned the following, contained in a well-known rhyme:

Advent marriages doth deny,  
But Hilary gives thee liberty;  
Septuagesima says thee nay,  
Eight days from Easter says you may;  
Rogation bids thee to contain,  
But Trinity thee free again.

Equal importance has been attached by some to the day of the week on which the marriage is performed. Thus, Friday, on account of its being regarded as an inauspicious and evil day for the commencement of any kind of enterprise, is generally avoided, few brides being found bold enough to run the risk of incurring bad luck from being married on a day of ill omen. In days gone by Sunday appears to have been a popular day for marriages; although, as Mr. Jefferson, in his amusing history of "Brides and Bridals," remarks: "A fashionable wedding, celebrated on the Lord's day in London, or any part of England, would nowadays be denounced by religious people of all Christian parties as an outrageous exhibition of impiety. But in our feudal times, and long after the Reformation, Sunday was, of all days in the week, the favorite one for marriages."—*Domestic Folk-Lore.*

## AID FROM AN ALBATROSS.

The following most remarkable circumstance is furnished in a letter from an officer of the Eighty-third regiment, now in India, to a friend in Montreal. Whilst the division of the Eighty-third regiment, to which the writer belonged, was on its way to India, being at the time a short distance eastward of the Cape, one of the men was severely flogged for some slight offense. Madened at the punishment the poor fellow was no sooner released than, in sight of all his comrades, he sprang overboard. There was a high sea running at the time, and as the man swept on astern all hope of saving him seemed to vanish. Relief, however, came from a quarter where no one ever dreamed of looking for it before. During the delay incident on lowering a boat, and while the crowd on deck were watching the form of the soldier struggling with the boiling waves, and growing every moment less distinct, a large albatross, such as are always found in those latitudes, coming like magic, with an almost imperceptible motion, approached and made a swoop at the man, who, in the agonies of the death struggle, seized it and held it in his grasp, and by this means kept afloat until assistance was rendered from the vessel. Incredible as this story seems, the name and position of the writer of the letter, who was an eye-witness of the scene, placed its authenticity beyond doubt. But for the assistance thus rendered, the writer adds, no power on earth could have saved the soldier, as, in consequence of the tremendous sea running, a long time elapsed before the boat could be manned and got down—all this time the man clinging to the bird, whose flutterings and struggles to escape bore him up. Who, after this, should despair? A raging sea—a drowning man—an albatross; what eye could see safety under such circumstances? or will dare to call this chance? Is it not rather a lesson intended to stimulate faith and hope, and teach us never to despair, since in the darkest moment, when the waves dash and the winds roar, and a gulf seems closing over our heads there may be an albatross near.

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## THE SECRET.

of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and does just what is claimed for it—no more and no less.

By thought and rapid assimilation with the blood, it reaches every part of the system, healing, purifying and strengthening. Commencing at the foundation it builds up and restores lost health—in no other way can lasting benefit be obtained.

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Rogation bids thee to contain,  
But Trinity thee free again.

Equal importance has been attached by some to the day of the week on which the marriage is performed. Thus, Friday, on account of its being regarded as an inauspicious and evil day for the commencement of any kind of enterprise, is generally avoided, few brides being found bold enough to run the risk of incurring bad luck from being married on a day of ill omen. In days gone by Sunday appears to have been a popular day for marriages; although, as Mr. Jefferson, in his amusing history of "Brides and Bridals," remarks: "A fashionable wedding, celebrated on the Lord's day in London, or any part of England, would nowadays be denounced by religious people of all Christian parties as an outrageous exhibition of impiety. But in our feudal times, and long after the Reformation, Sunday was, of all days in the week, the favorite one for marriages."—*Domestic Folk-Lore.*

The following most remarkable circumstance is furnished in a letter from an officer of the Eighty-third regiment, now in India, to a friend in Montreal. Whilst the division of the Eighty-third regiment, to which the writer belonged, was on its way to India, being at the time a short distance eastward of the Cape, one of the men was severely flogged for some slight offense. Madened at the punishment the poor fellow was no sooner released than, in sight of all his comrades, he sprang overboard. There was a high sea running at the time, and as the man swept on astern all hope of saving him seemed to vanish. Relief, however, came from a quarter where no one ever dreamed of looking for it before. During the delay incident on lowering a boat, and while the crowd on deck were watching the form of the soldier struggling with the boiling waves, and growing every moment less distinct, a large albatross, such as are always found in those latitudes, coming like magic, with an almost imperceptible motion, approached and made a swoop at the man, who, in the agonies of the death struggle, seized it and held it in his grasp, and by this means kept afloat until assistance was rendered from the vessel. Incredible as this story seems, the name and position of the writer of the letter, who was an eye-witness of the scene, placed its authenticity beyond doubt. But for the assistance thus rendered, the writer adds, no power on earth could have saved the soldier, as, in consequence of the tremendous sea running, a long time elapsed before the boat could be manned and got down—all this time the man clinging to the bird, whose flutterings and struggles to escape bore him up. Who, after this, should despair? A raging sea—a drowning man—an albatross; what eye could see safety under such circumstances? or will dare to call this chance? Is it not rather a lesson intended to stimulate faith and hope, and teach us never to despair, since in the darkest moment, when the waves dash and the winds roar, and a gulf seems closing over our heads there may be an albatross near.

## PILES! PILES! PILES!

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